SIX PASTORALS BY *Mr.* PHILIPS.

Noſtra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.
Virg. Ecl. 6.

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SIX

PASTORALS

BY

Mr. PHILIPS.

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THE PREFACE.

IT is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, *how* Pastoral Poetry *comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems.* Virgil *and* Spenser *made use of it as a Prelude to* Heroick Poetry. *But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.*

There is no sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight. And the Pastoral, *perhaps, may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, so, I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and delightful Prospects.*

Gassendus, *I remember, tells us, That* Peireskius *was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their artless Strains seem to*

have leſs of Paſſion and Violence, but more of a natural Eaſineſs, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the ſame manner that Paſtoral *gives a ſweet and gentle Compoſure to the Mind; whereas the* Epick *and* Tragick *Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.*

To ſee a ſtately well-built Palace, ſtrikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and ſwells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers, I feel an unſpeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing, that my good Fortune would place me in ſo ſweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, *and* Spenſer, *are the only Writers that ſeem to have hit upon the true Nature of* Paſtoral *Poems. So that it will be Honour ſufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.*

THE

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

ROBBIN.

IF we, O *Dorset*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the rural Song,
By your Commands; be present: And, O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing.

Begin. —— A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent:
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah! wail-a-day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have, seeks no Repose,
Delights in Grief, nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are hush'd; the Dews distil; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prowling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can stop the growing Flame?

Whilsome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,

'Mongſt ruſtick Routs the chief for wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
Who better ſeen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads, and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deftly to mine Oaten Reed ſo ſweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to ſhift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed Tale from me to learn?
For many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
But, ah! ſince *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart, unmindful of Delight,
The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitleſs Moan.
Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentleſs Fair!
E'er, lingring long, I periſh thro' Deſpair.
Had *Roſalind* been Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Tho' not ſo fair, ſhe would have been more kind.
O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impair our youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever ſtay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs anew returning Seaſons bring;
But Beauty faded has no ſecond Spring.
My Words are Wind! She deaf to all my Cries,
Takes Pleaſure in the Miſchief of her Eyes.
Like friſking Heifers, looſe in flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome Chaſe!
While, wing'd with Scorn, ſhe flies my fond Embrace.
She flies indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where ſhe will, her Likeneſs in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damſel! Why,
Thus from the Youth who loves thee ſhould'ſt thou fly?
No cruel Purpoſe in my Speed I bear,
'Tis all but Love, and Love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?
What idle Fears a Maiden Breaſt alarm!
Stay, ſimple Girl, a Lover cannot harm.
Two Kidlings ſportive as thy ſelf, I rear,
Like tender Buds their ſhooting Horns appear.
A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed as tame,
As my fond Heart could wiſh my ſcornful Dame.

A Gar-

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A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver she disdains.
O could my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander e'ery Day to find
The ruddy Wildings! were but *Lucy* kind,
For glossy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
And of fresh Honey rob the thrifty Bee:
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
Thou *Lobbin*'s Flock, and *Lobbin* shall possess.
Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet show
The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.
O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment mean,
The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean;
To drive a-field by Morn the Fat'ning Ewes,
E'er the warm Sun drinks up the cooly Dews.
How would the Crook beseem the beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglings round thee gazing stand!
Ah whitless Younglings! gaze not on her Eye,
Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end,
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend;
Sleep, sleep, my Flock: For happy you may take
Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.
Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.
The love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a Patron in his Grief:
Till by Degrees her Notes and silent Night
To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

The SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT. COLINET.

THENOT.

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly sing!
Their Notes soft warb'ling to the gladsome Spring.

COLINET.

Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate;
Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my State.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born;
As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.
Waking at Midnight I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

THENOT.

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain;
Or who may then the Weight of Age sustain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,
The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruits in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful Temper still retains,
Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins:
For why should Man at cross Mishaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Should'st thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams.

THENOT.

THENOT.

There's *Lightfoot*, he ſhall tend them cloſe; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-croſs the Plain will glance my Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Scarce does one ſmiling Hour my Youth attend.
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies ſhow,
Yet all theſe Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-ſhine does appear,
My low'ring Sky, and Winter Days, to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder-Scar, too well I ſee:
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of Shelter kind,
The Mark of Storms, and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds amongſt the Branches ſing.
No more beneath thy Shade ſhall Shepherds throng
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleaſing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in ſome ill choſen Hour waſt born,
When blighting Mildews ſpoil the riſing Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreſhows
Thro' ſad Eclipſe a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee ſtill.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THENOT.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongſt our Sheep;
From theſe the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Againſt ill Luck all cunning Foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it nought avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckleſs Day!
Ah luckleſs Lad! the rather might I ſay.

Unhappy

Unhappy Hour! when first, in youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina*'s silver Flood:
Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks, Oh! when shall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When in the Chrystal of thy Water see
My Face grown wan thro' Care and Misery?
When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
My self had rais'd, and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet there is Room for Peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to know;
Ah God! that ever I should covet Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unbless'd, and fond of Fame,
I sought I know not what, besides a Name.

THENOT.

Or, sooth to say, did you not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'd'st not find at home?
A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
And, to their Cost, green Years Old Proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To distant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow rest my Head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold and Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:

Unkind

Unkind as Hail it falls, whoſe pelting Show'rs
Deſtroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

THENOT.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greateſt Wrong,
For, what wounds ſorer than an evil Tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward Lads, who Pleaſance take in Spite,
Make mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, ſo ſhrill
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to ſing the Heats of Love:
No Paſſion, but rank Envy, canſt thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.
But yet, tho' poor and artleſs is my Vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong;
Nor Night nor Day ſhall my rude Muſick ceaſe;
I ask no more, ſo I *Menalcas* pleaſe.

THENOT.

Menalcas, Lord of all the Neighb'ring Plains,
Preſerves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly Wakes and Feaſts we hold,
And chuſe the fatteſt Firſtling from the Fold.
He, good to all that Good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Eaſe to live,
Shall curb the Malice of unbridl'd Tongues,
And with due Praiſe reward thy rural Songs.

COLINET.

Firſt then ſhall lightſome Birds forget to fly,
The briny Ocean turn to Paſtures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River ceaſe to flow,
Ere I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THENOT.

THENOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, ſoft Cheeſe and Curd,
With ſome remaining Fruit of laſt Year's Hoard,
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare; and for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moſs, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray,
O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plough,
And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homewards, low.

The THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO, ANGELOT, PALIN.

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
With young *Auguſtus'* Name he grac'd his Song;
And *Spenſer*, when amidſt the rural Throng,
He carol'd ſweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry ſounding Wood
With good *Eliza's* Name to ring around;
Eliza's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *Anna's* Cares at Eaſe we live,
And ſee our Cattle in full Paſtures thrive;
Like them will I my ſlender Muſick raiſe,
And teach the vocal Vallies *Anna's* Praiſe.
Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids brooze obſcure, in Shades I play:
Yet not obſcure, while *Dorſet* thinks not Scorn
To viſit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both muſical, both young,
In Friendſhip's mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a Moſſy Cave, to ſhun
The Crouds of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,
A melancholly Thought poſſeſs'd their Mind:
Revolving now the ſolemn Day they find,

Whe

When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verſe;
Theſe *Angelot*, thoſe *Palin* did rehearſe.

ANGELOT.

Thus yearly circling by-paſt Times return
And yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn:
Albino's Fate was early, ſhort his Stay;
How ſweet the Roſe! How ſpeedy the Decay!
Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And ſympathizing Rocks in Echo groan'd,
Preſaging future Woe, when, for our Crimes,
We loſt *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times:
The Pride of *Britain*, and the Darling-Joy
Of all the Plains, and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were ſeen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the graſſy Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.
In yonder gloomy Grove ſtretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roſes on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lie his penſive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppreſs'd;
Ye conſcious Trees and Fountains can atteſt
With what ſad Accents, and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She claſp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliſs,
And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.
As Milkwhite Swans on Silver Streams do ſhow,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, did'ſt quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitleſs Pains;

In

In labour'd Furrows ſow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harveſt ſweat:
A thin Increaſe our woolly Subſtance yield,
And Thorns and Thiſtles overſpread the Field.
How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the ſtubborn Bow?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy Mother's Days,
And ſhare the ſacred Honours of her Praiſe:
In foreign Fields to purchaſe endleſs Fame,
And add new Glories to the *Britiſh* Name.
O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit reſt!
And Flow'ry Turf lie light upon thy Breaſt;
Nor ſhrieking Owl, nor Batt fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

PALIN.

No more, miſtaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bleſs the Fields, and rule the ſimple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the Golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets ſhine indulgent on our Iſle,
And rural Pleaſure round about us ſmile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with ſhrilling Pipes reſound
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd
And half *Albino* bleſs'd: The Vallies ring
Albino bleſt: O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the ſmiling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine;
The dewy Cowſlip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet, and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And conſecrate to Mirth *Albino*'s Day.
My ſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* then ſhall harp, young *Mico* ſing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidſt the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his Antick Gambols play.
To thee theſe Honours yearly will we pay,

Wh

When we our ſhearing Feaſt and Harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the Plough, and bleſs our thriving Sheep.
While Mallow Kids, and Endive Lambs purſue;
While Bees love Thyme, and Locuſts ſip the Dew;
While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to ſtrain,
Thy Name and ſweet Memorial ſhall remain.

The FOURTH PASTORAL.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THis Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe Elms unite their Shade.
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of chearful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
So here the King-Cup, of a Golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue.
Mark how the gaudy Gold-finch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!
In pleaſing Conſorts all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.
Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
Thy mellow Pipe, or Vocal Muſick try:
And ſince our Ewes are graz'd, no Harm if they
Lie round and liſten, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleaſance to the Eye;
And Pleaſance works the Singer's Fancy high.
The Fields breathe ſweet; and now the gentle Breeze
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So ſweet a Scene ill ſuits my rugged Lay,
And better ſuits the Muſick thou can'ſt play.

MICO.

No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;

Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me;
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a Note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah *Mico!* half my Flock would I bestow,
Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning shew.
So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
For Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,
How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay:
The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,
And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful Song I chuse;
A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muse.
Fast by a River, on a Bank he sat,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was she,
Whose Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.
Awake my Pipe, in ev'ry Note express
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Distress.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the Day to see!
That ever she could die! O most unkind,
To go and leave her *Colinet* behind!
And yet, why blame I her? full fain would she,
With dying Arms, have clasp'd her self to me:
I clasp'd her too, but Death was all too strong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds to sigh;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.
Awake my Pipe, in ev'ry Note express
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Distress.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblemes of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breaſts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will e'en that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his lifted Arm,
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm
No Muſick can perſuade, nor Beauty charm:
For ſee (O baleful Sight!) ſee where he lies!
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.
Awake my Pipe, in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
Unhappy *Colinet*! what boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With Baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland that may witneſs thy Unreſt:
My Pipe, whoſe ſoothing Sound could Paſſion move,
And firſt taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, ſhall hang upon this blaſted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges ſing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet ſhall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.
Thus ſweetly did the gentle Shepherd ſing,
And heavy Woe within ſoft Numbers bring;
And now that Sheep-hook for my Song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd Elm, where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year;

The Hook of polish'd Sreel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.
O *Colinet*, how sweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear!
Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowsy Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots distil,
And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:
So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste
Their dying Breath, and warble to the last:
And next to thee shall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.
But see; the Hills increasing Shadows cast:
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in Haste:
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And bluish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

MICO.

Then send your Curs to gather up the Sheep:
Good Shepherds with their Flock betimes should sleep:
For he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, Sluggard like, till Noon-day snoring lies;
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.

The FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN rural Strains we first our Musick try,
And bashful into Woods and Thickets fly,
Distrustful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch sublime,
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvile*, shall engage
My riper Verse, and my more settl'd Age.
The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,
When with the Flocks the Feeders sought the Shade,
A venerable Oak, wide spreading, made

What

What ſhould they do to paſs the loit'ring Time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:
And ſome the Joys, and ſome the Pains of Love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange Adventures ſtrove;
The Trade of Wizzards, ſome, and *Merlin*'s Skill,
And whence to charm, ſuch Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* laſt (who *Cuddy* can excel,
In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Eliza*'s Reign,
There liv'd in great Eſteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.

He, as his Cuſtom was, at Leiſure laid
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crowds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring Branches with his Song.

Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She turn'd her Ear; and emulous, with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder, and again,
To try her more, renaw'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or briſker Motion to his Meaſure gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:
But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd;
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find,
To equal thy melodious Voice? in thee
The Rudeneſs of my rural Fiſe I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.

Aloft in Air ſhe ſat, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd, at laſt he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove

His utmoſt Art: if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt redeem.
He draws in Breath, his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to ſhrill.
From Note to Note in Haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change, with ſweet Surprize.
Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain,
But to her ſelf firſt conns the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conqueſt. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp of Maple Ware he bore:
The Harp it ſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he a-croſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence, thou doſt excel
No rival Artiſt. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends,
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower anſw'ring ſtill to thoſe above;
His reſtleſs Fingers traverſe to and fro,
And in Purſuit of Harmony they go;
Now lightly skimming o'er the Strings they paſs,
Like Winds that gently bruſh the plying Graſs,
And melting Airs ariſe at their Command:
And now laborious, with a weighty Hand
He ſinks into the Cords with ſolemn Pace,
And gives the ſwelling Tones a manly Grace.
Then intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Muſick thro' the trembling Harp abounds;
The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, ſhe does her troubled Spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.

The

Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing ſung.
She, with the fatal Love of Glory ſtung,
Hears all in Pain: Her Heart begins to ſwell;
In piteous Notes ſhe ſighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguiſh. He, ſtill ſinging, plies
His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher riſe.
How ſhall ſhe bear a Conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the Grove, in Muſick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breaſt melodious Groans.
Oppreſs'd with Grief at laſt, too great to quell
Down Breathleſs on the guilty Harp ſhe fell.
Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
And unavailing Tears profuſely ſhed,
And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
And, beſt to make Attonement for the Ill
(If for ſuch Ill Attonement might be made)
He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
Then adds a Verſe, and ſees with Flow'rs the Ground,
And makes a Fence of winding Oſiers round:
A Verſe and Tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy Name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live.
Thus ended *Cuddy* with the ſetting Sun,
And by his Tale unenvy'd Praiſes won.

The SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW ſtill the Sea; behold; how calm the Sky!
And how in ſportive Chaſe the Swallows fly!
My Goats, ſecure from Harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
And here below, the banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze: And now to hear your Song
Diſpos'd. As eldeſt, *Hobbinol*, begin;
And *Lanquet*'s Under-Song by Turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly ſtake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
For Praiſe we ſing, nor wager aught beſide,
And whoſe the Praiſe, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
Unbiaſs'd he, to both is equal Friend.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear from *Geron*'s upright Sentence Wrong.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
I to the Victor give: No ſmall Reward,
If with our uſual Country Pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Deſcends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft balmy Breezes breathe along the Sky:
The bloomy Seaſon of the Year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove:
The Paſtures change, the warbling Linnets ſing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy Spring.

HOBBINOL.

When Locuſts in the Fearny Buſhes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lie;
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain,
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy Teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you ſee
The Ground beſtrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And ſtormy Winds are heard, think Winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining Year.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bleſt *Elina!* would I praiſe
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion's* Golden Days;
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy Shepherds now! for *Dorſet* loves
The Country Muſe, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may ſhe reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in ſecret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in ſecret all repaid.
This coming Night ſhe does reſerve for me,
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay,
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft on a Cowſlip Bank, my Love and I
Together lay: A Brook ran murm'ring by.
A thouſand tender Things to me ſhe ſaid,
And I a thouſand tender Things repaid.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the Cocking Hay,
What ſoft, endearing Words did ſhe not ſay?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, ſhe kindly ſpread,
And ſtroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe ſoft, ye Winds; ye Waters, gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees; ye Flow'rs around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lie.

LANQUET.

LANQVET.

Once *Delia* ſlept, on eaſy Moſs reclin'd;
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs.
Condemn me, Shepherds, If I did amiſs.

HOBBINOL.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long Eye;
Then ſwift beneath the Chryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQVET.

As I to cool me, bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay:
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in Haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When firſt I ſaw, would I had never ſeen,
Young *Lyſet* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
Intent upon her Beauties as ſhe mov'd,
Poor heedleſs Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQVET.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her ſwelling Breaſt,
And on her Elbow leans, diſſembling Reſt:
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sheep nor Paſture worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, *Roſalind*, O come! For without thee,
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?
Come, *Roſalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
My ſnowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine.

LANQVET.

Come, *Roſalind*, O come! Here ſhady Bow'rs,
Here are cool Fountains, and here ſpringing Flow'rs.
Come, *Roſalind*: Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seaſons of the Moon I know,
The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow:
There is no Herb, no Seaſon may remove
From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghoſts and Goblins order as I will;
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes,
To purchaſe Credit with ſucceeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout!* who never yet had Peer,
Who ſung thro' all the Seaſons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like *Wrenock* ſing? his Voice has Pow'r
To free the clipſing Moon at Midnight Hour:
And as he ſung, the Fairies with their Queen,
In Mantles blue, came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here end your pleaſing Striſe. Both Victors are;
And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizling Miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy Rock: And this Way tends
Yon diſtant Rain, ſhore-ward the Veſſels ſtrive;
And ſee the Boys their Flocks to ſhelter drive.

FINIS.

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